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 My only wealth—a precious pearl—I found one morning early;
 I milked my mother's only cow, my kind poor loving "Drimin,"
 I never envied, then or now, the time of richer women.
 The sun shone out in bonny June, and fragrant were the meadows,
 A voice as sweet as an Irish tune (I knew it was my Thady's)
 Said, "Mary, dear, I fain would stay, but where's the use repining?
 I must away to save my hay, now while the sun is shining."
 Now Thady was as stout a blade as ever stood in leather,
 With hook or scythe—with plough or spade—he'd beat ten men together.
 He's just the man, thought I, for me; he's working late and early,
 He shall be mine, if he is free—he takes my fancy fairly.
 I gave my hand, though I was young, and heart, too, like a feather;
 Our marriage song by the lark was sung, when we were wed together;
 And many a noble lord, I'm told, and many a noble lady
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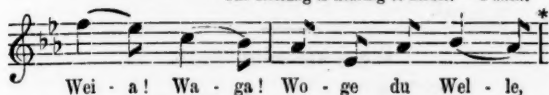
DER RING DES NIBELUNGEN.

(From a Correspondent errant.)

Munich, August 22nd.

"DAS RHEINGOLD" (PRELUDE).

"The Niblung is nearing to nibble."—Punch.



"DIE WALKÜRE."—ACT I.

Siegmond (Niemann); Sieglinde (Lilli Lehmann); Hunding (Kindermann).



A short prelude of furious impetuosity, in which every bar dashes on to the other, more like clouds over a stormy sea, and the hearer is in the dwelling of Hunding. After a pause, in which the music gradually calms down and illustrates in the most wonderful manner the exhausted entrance of Siegmund, who, staggering in, drags himself, thoroughly exhausted, to the hearth, and sinks down on a bearskin, the hearer feels as if under the spell of a magician who has so mastered him that with every bar of the music he manipulates his mind as a sculptor does when moulding a figure. Siegmund!—for in speaking of the part in this case it is assuredly equivalent to speaking of him who impersonates it—never has there been the blending of a more consummate actor and singer than in the case of Herr Niemann, Wagner's acknowledged tenor, in whom the Prophet put the greatest faith, and to whose extraordinary declamatory powers Germany owes masterful impersonations of Tristan (Tristan above all), Lohengrin, and Tannhäuser (created by Niemann on the memorable occasion of its lost Parisian battle). Great reputations and flourishing criticisms on renowned artists often give those who may not have heard them already much to look forward to, and plenty of building material in the shape of illusion, which is more or less enhanced, or, as the case may be, lessened, on once hearing them; but where can criticism find a firm footing, that is to say, where can it begin, and (more difficult still in the case of praise) where leave off when speaking of Herr Niemann's Siegmund, which, from the moment the exhausted Wölfing enters the dwelling of Hunding (his hospitable murderer) to the moment when on the rocky height (before her whose love has had but a twilight glimpse of the Wolsung hero) Siegmund falls, slain by his villainous opponent, is beyond criticism? Not only is he favoured by Nature with a fine manly bearing, which is in this part—as indeed in all Wagner's heroes—of the greatest importance, but his vocal powers, notwithstanding the long career during which they have faithfully served him, remain in their perfection, and hand in hand with his remarkable declamation constitute him Germany's pride.

* * * * *

[The remainder of Die Walküre was inserted last week, the other portion arriving too late for revision. For the notice of Siegfried, which also arrived too late for revision, our correspondent (whose opinions, however we may dissent from them, are held sacred) must accept the exclusive responsibility.—D. B.]

Munich, Aug. 23.

"SIEGFRIED."—ACT I.



Siegfried (Vogl); Mime (Grah); Der Wanderer (Gura).

Siegfried may virtually be called the equator of the Trilogy, from which point the summer and winter side of this colossus of art can be viewed, ere the winter of the gods sets in, the "main artery," which, in supplying the passing and coming events of the drama, at the same time tone the work in general, and from whose source both streams of the *Walküre* and *Götterdämmerung* are strongly impregnated. It is the review of the motives that have already done good work in the battle, that has fought its way to

* The text pure and proper. For the sake of Woglinde restore it.—Dr Budge.

this stage in the work, and also of the motives that continue the war to the close. There are few themes in *Siegfried*, with the exception of the "Nothung" and Mime's forging motive that the hearer is not by this time thoroughly acquainted with (the song of the bird in the forest excepted), and which, developed into every conceivable shape and form, help the musician in the work in the same wise as the text before him, indeed, in the majority of the cases even better, for the musical argument being bound to have ascendancy over its sister art in the swift and almost imperceptible flight of thought the comparisons are like two ideas, the one started by express music-train, the other by merchandise-words, the former having nought to carry but its ever-inspired soul, the latter being handicapped by trunks and innumerable packets of nouns, adjectives, vowels, &c., &c., which cloud its passage as a rule, and act as a cat-and-nine-tails on the mind, often too hard to bear.* The grandeur of the opening scene in *Siegfried* overwhelms the hearer with awe, the motive of Mime, like some fiendish



fish, who, swimming through the torrent of orchestration with which this scene abounds, devours as he goes along every note, so that not as much as a semiquaver too much floats above the flood of fancy with which Wagner has so wonderfully illustrated this scene, which is broken by the boisterous entry of Siegfried, who dashes in from the wood full of spirits and "iron health," and coming as he does for the first time since the audience's introduction to this cramped crew of dwarfs, hobgoblins, weak gods, and still weaker giants, acts on the mind at first like a fresh March morning after an enervating February. He seems to bring new blood into a firm that has become mildewed from continually acting in the same way, viz., vice, theft, and general treachery to one another; in fact, were any of these shady personages of Nibelheim to do one act of kindness one to the other, it would be so fiendish that they are certainly purer in their present form than a change of policy could make them. Siegfried, his mental force almost overpowered by his physical strength, reminds one in many points of Parsifal, although the former's intellect changes but little, if the childish action of relating to a group of ruffians, like Hagen and his followers, his history (knowing enough of these scamps to put him more on his guard) at a moment when but one thought is all important in the breasts of these "ne'er-do-wells," to remove Siegfried from the scene and so grab the ring, can be taken into account. Siegfried is the strong remedy which the fates have willed to be the ultimate cause of this villainous army finding their due reward for their pains this side of creation, and of indirectly sweeping off the refuse of unnecessary gods, goddesses, giants, and their followers that have, up till his birth, sat heavily on the world's axle. The turning of the tables he soon shows them by tearing out of the claws of that poor snivelling flea of creation, Mime, the fragments of Nothung, the sword, he (not only by the anvil's blaze but by one of Wagner's most powerful and fiery motives) welds the hitherto stubborn (to all but himself) remnants into their ancient form, and with the youthful vigour and phrenzied delight of holding aloft the weapon that Siegmund his father had so often wielded in heroism, he falls into dust the anvil, and, to the fearful stupefaction of his hitherto Nibelung guardian, Mime, dashes forth to meet the fear he utterly ignores.

ACT II.

Is laid in the forest, and the audience are conducted to Neid-hole, where Fafner the foolish thinks to gull intruders to that spot by taking the form of a monstrous worm-dragon (which, by the way, was admirably represented on the stage), and of whiling away the time from watching the ring in bellowing like a bull and yawning like a monumental masher at the Ninth symphony. Wotan was about to be thought of as having left the world in peace for a few bars, when lo! the wanderer enters from the wood and stops short (not like the clock) in front of Alberich, who, all this time, has been reviling the task of having to guard the entrance to Neid-hole. As wanderer Wotan is not quite so insupportable as in *Die Walküre* or *Das Rheingold*, but the very red light that preludes his arrival almost falls like some demon dew on his hearers, with terrible fore-

* This sentence might form part of one of the ventose monologues of All-Father Wotan.—Dr Budge.

bodings of long and weak plans that this objectionable Odin is always coining; in fact, his mind is a mint of matured misery for all that taste the touch of his spear, and, indeed, it is with a mixture of delight and condolence that the audience witness the smashing of this "needle of naughtiness" by Siegfried before entering the flames to ascend Brünnhilde's rock. This act might be named the "extermination powder for the swarming sinners." Not only is Wotan (the followers, and, above all, the helpless of whom "choose" to see him as a powerful "wielder of the world") rendered powerless by Siegfried's fearlessness, and also by the above-named act of the spear, but Fafner, appearing unto the former and attempting by intimidation, such as vomiting forth (let it be said with due regard to others of his species) in unmannerly volumes quantities of vaporous matter that filled the auditorium with a dubious odour and almost extinguished Siegfried from sight after a terrific encounter, awaiting the verdict of which Fafner used his enormous tail to such advantage as to almost bring the cavern to the ground, and after raising himself to a great height and, unluckily for himself, exhibiting his capacious receptacle for sustenance, receives Nothing in full fling, falls with a thundering crash into confidence, and warns the heedless Siegfried of the cursed gold and of one who is at work on the latter's destruction, and having finished this timely intelligence, he leaves this world in peace. So far so good, but Mime's entreaties to Siegfried to drink of a mixture that this louse has brewed in order to deaden Siegfried's senses, and, in the meanwhile, to carry off the ring and tarn-helm, receive his offer with thanks, and a blow from Nothing that requires no repetition, the recipient having fallen at its scent and joined the departed dragon, Fafner. Now follows, or rather on the death of Fafner, after Siegfried has drawn the sword out of its monstrous birth of a belly, that unconsciously putting his hand to his mouth, in order to wipe off the blood of the late giant, he hears once more the song of the bird (Fraulein Lilli Lehmann), and through its angelical strains hears of the Nibelung hoard, and, above all, of the fire-surrounded Walkyrie, which, after he has put on the ring, and hung the tarn-helm to his side, Siegfried follows the sound which is developed into the most exquisite harmonies and which end the act.



ACT III.

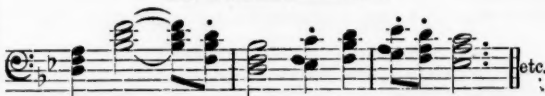
Slap! Bang! here's the Wanderer again, communing with Erda (Fraulein Blank), in order to know things, that as god, it would be supposed his early training for that profession would have certainly taught him, verily he should go by the title, Wotan, the Dunce Deity. After a somewhat lengthy intercourse with the object of his wanderings (by the way a very sneakish manner of learning that, to travel *incog.*), he is brought face face with Siegfried, who, treating this goddish impostor as he should have been from the commencement, and, having found the destructor of his father, Siegfried renders him powerless by smashing his "world ash" and causing this old humbug to slink off and coin some other kind of treachery for the next propitious occasion. The act ending with the triumph of Siegfried over the fire and of Brünnhilde's awakening, which scene forms one of the most powerful throughout the work.

It is needless to recapitulate what has already been said on the interpretation of the work from the first note to the last, and it remains but to praise the performance of Fraulein Lilli Lehmann as the Bird in the wood, the delicious freshness of whose voice was as some sparkling brook, in the reflection of which flew a thorough artist. At the close, and much against her will, Fraulein Lehmann was brought forward with Herren Vogl and Grahl to receive the delighted appreciation of her many admirers. Suffice it to add that Frau Vogl was in perfect voice and acted as all who have seen her in the part of Brünnhilde remember. She was equally supported by her husband as Siegfried, and in the monumental *finale* on the rock both reached the summit of artistic interpretation, and, together with Herr Levi, the conductor, were called on numberless times at the fall of the curtain. The *mise-en-scène* was, as in the two

previous performances, excellent. The stage manager deserves a "special call" for the truly marvellous manner in which the change of scene is effected in the shortest possible time, and also of the way in which the steam successfully hid everything from view (not partially, as is often the case).

To-morrow (Sunday) *Die Gotterdammerung* will bring the first cycle to an end.

DIE GÖTTERDÄMMERUNG.



A performance more perfect than that of *Die Gotterdammerung* last night would be twice in a lifetime an impossibility. It forms one of those unique art-occurrences which, when those who had the good luck to be present have reached threescore and ten, look back upon as a beacon of beauty above the many enjoyable moments of their lifetime, and which, with pride, they relate to their grandchildren, which not only is enhanced by the very fact of its being a beauty of the past, like all ideal pleasures, but is magnified a thousandfold in those green minds that picture such subtle scenes in the prelude-time of life. This cycle of *Der Ring des Nibelungen* will have been remarkable on account of only first-rate artists joining in it, not to shine themselves in any particular rôle, but simply as a tribute to the Master's memory, and for the sake of lending additional interest to this "mine of inexorable" wealth and beauty" he left behind him, almost like his soul, to float through the world, filtering others of all that is refuse and useless in musical taste, and compelling them to admire only those masters who, like himself, were creators in the divine art, and formed an undying school, that will (it is sincerely to be hoped) continue the building of the musical foundation that this colossal mind had thoroughly worked out.

Wagner is the stave on which coming generations have to compose, his genius having traversed the world, like the ghost of Hamlet's father on the stage, filling his admirers with such a frantic desire to know more, that (no sooner has his soul left these "worldly boards") than musicians rush after him to Bayreuth, Munich, anywhere where the breath of his spirit moves, and where they can hear more!—more! more!—from that laboratory of luxury whence so much has already issued. He is like the spirit that flies through a nation in time of warfare, that saturates the country with the enthusiasm of defence, and beats up thousands of recruits. Wagner has a similar effect with musicians; he is bound to convert thousands, and, like a comet, carry them away in the form of an endless tail of triumph. The effect of a work like that of *Der Ring des Nibelungen* on the senses might be compared to some terrific music-trial, a grief that bends the feelings like a hurricane on a poplar tree, fearful in its grandeur, and yet full of such subtle sorrow as to make one devoted to the very agony it arouses in the mind, and the iron grasp with which every bar seizes the heart, as if it would squeeze every noble feeling it may possess (and like the mixing of Gunther and Siegfried's blood in the drinking-horn) couple it with its own ennobling eternity, to the dregs of devotion. The strongest are, by the laws of extremity, generally the weakest, so it is that an anti-Wagnerite, after battling long with this intoxicating music of life, finally seizes the flask and lives, or dies, in its gigantic grasp. He lives to be able to appreciate other creators, or dies, like the poor, miserable, hair-brained "so-called Wagnerites," whose intellects are incapable of telling the difference of a minim from a crotchet, like the army of "grammatical shirkers," and through whose arid agency true appreciators of Wagner are classed, when before musical authority. There are no more (as would be facetious outsiders call them) Wagnerites than there are Beethovenites, Mendelssohnites, or Bachites; a musician of true feeling and a mind of sufficient breadth being perfectly able to arrange his library so that *Tristan* and *Isolde* or *Parsifal* don't come tumbling down on to his head when engaged on playing a fugue by Bach, or the "Pastoral Sonata." The last ten years have fully proved how successful the fight for independence in music has been, and how necessary it is for anyone in relation with music to endeavour to copy Charlemagne, as far as magnanimity is concerned, and not to immediately class your fellow-worker as "too far gone" the moment his views in music don't coincide with your own opinions. The weeding out of Bag-Wig forms has been destroyed,† as the Bastille

* "Inexorable" is good. "Inexorable" *melos* may now stand for the "infinite" *melos* of which we have heard more than enough.—Dr Blüthge.

† The "weeding out" has been "destroyed" seems to make "Lobsky" swallow his own words.—Dr Blüthge.

was, by universal suffrage, and the Bib and Tucker principles, which in their time did good service, like nurse Haydn did, when the century's intellect was too young to think unless propped up by one of Papa's hands in the form of a sonata, or, of one of those four-personed compositions, that, like the Prophet Hydra,* abounded in his imagination, and as fast as the executant played off one, another took its place, like some machine for clearing away notes. To-day more is required than simply listening, after a good repast, to sounds that, whatever their hidden meaning was (provided they possessed any), had the influence of sleep. "Sleep, that sweet nurse," &c., &c. (vide Haydn), had actually inspired the composer with the idea of introducing a drum by way of recalling his audience, or his auditor, back to the seat of tawdler. Had this reign of terror in music lasted much longer, there is no knowing but what the sleep above mentioned might have proved eternal, and all the composer's surprises, and all his quartets (may their sound never diminish) would never set the listener up again. There has been a mighty change between the time just mentioned and the present, and should musical astronomers predict a worse state of things, there will be the satisfaction of knowing that the terrible time coming for music has already, and long since, experienced them for the worst, and seasoned their minds at least a century ago.

In returning to last night's performance, it fully equalled, if not surpassed, the performances of *Rheingold*, *Walküre*, and *Siegfried*, and one and all, from Herr Levi, the conductor, to the remotest chorister, deserved the triumphant success they received throughout the evening. The scene of the Norms (which acts as prelude to the *Götterdämmerung*), according to Bayreuthers of '76, has never been played to finer advantage; the parts, needless to repeat, having been sung by the pick of German operahouses. Frau Vogl resumed the part of Brünnhilde, which, in this stage of the drama, is the all-important part and the one in which all sympathy is centred. The farewell of Brünnhilde to Siegfried on the rock when he is leaving was most touchingly rendered by Frau Vogl. Apart from the fineness of her declamation, which found a fitting accompaniment to the manner in which she sang throughout, especially at the end, when, before leaping on to her horse (which she did very bravely), she delivers one of the grandest of Wagner's lamentations (*Tristan und Isolde* excepted) over the body of Siegfried, Mme Vogl was triumphant. Herr Fuchs, as Alberich, was once more the conscientious singer and painstaking artist as when he ascends the slippery rocks in the *Rheingold*, and seems not only to feel more at home in this part, but inspires his hearers with the idea of its being one of his best. Herr Kindermann was Hagen, and looked the part villainously well, especially when he is listening to Siegfried's tale, and just before he rises and spears him (which act is most coolly taken by Gunther and the rest, who quietly let Hagen go off as if he had only trodden on a worm). The part of Gunther was impersonated by Herr Gura, who did his best to invest the Rhine king with dignity and also to do as much justice to the music allotted to Gunther as his vocal powers would permit him to do. Fräulein Dressler as Gutrune, Gunther's sister, who has to suffer the treachery of Hagen throughout, was gracefully and conscientiously played and with much true feeling. Fräulein Herzog, as Waltraute, one of the nine Walkyries, lent valuable support to the scene with Brünnhilde. The Rhine-daughters were once more in the respective hands of Frauen Lilli Lehmann, Marie Lehmann, and Lammert. It remains but to re-echo Herr Vogl's success as Siegfried, and to add one more word of praise to his reading of the character. The *mise-en-scène* was, as it has been throughout, perfect in all the details of the work.

The second and last cycle commences to-morrow (Tuesday) and ends Sunday the 31st August.

LOBSKY (DODINAS).

Munich, August 25.

[Finis coronat opus! Where next can "Lobsky" repair in search of Wagnerism! No matter where; he will be surely haunted by the ghost of "Papa" Haydn, with the "Prophet Hydra" close behind. What a swallow Richard must have had to gulp down all this idol-worship!—D. B.]

HAMILTON'S PANSTEREORAMA.—Mr Harry H. Hamilton is now exhibiting, at St James's Large Hall, his dioramic entertainment, illustrating in a couple of hours excursions over the world, embracing about 120,000 miles. The views of various places in England, Scotland, and Ireland, painted by well-known artists, are now supplemented by a series of striking pictorial illustrations of the late Egyptian war and incidents in the Soudan. Mr H. D. Glover supplies the descriptive details, and vocal and instrumental music add to the enjoyment of the exhibition, as well as "ventriloquisms" by Mr Sydney Dolman.

* Where did "Lobsky" discover this prophet?—Dr Blügg.

BERLIN.

(Correspondence.)

After fulfilling a short engagement at Leipsic, and appearing twice as Florestan, in *Fidelio*, at the Theatre Royal, Munich, Franz Nachbaur has returned for a time to Kroll's Theater, where he has sung in *Fra Diavolo*, *Il Trovatore*, and *Lucia di Lammermoor*, Mdle Fohström impersonating the heroine in the last-named work.—The theatre, which was to open on the 6th inst., in the Alexanderplatz, will not be called the Lortzing-Theater, as at first intended and announced, but the Königstädtische Oper. The change of name will, however, be unattended by any change in the original plan of conducting the theatre, and Lortzing's "Fest-Ouverture," followed by *Cesar und Zimmermann*, was still to be given on the opening night, in honour of the popular representative of German comic opera. The conductor, who has an orchestra of 36 members under him, is Herr Matzenauer, from the Theatre Royal, Cassel. The chorus numbers 20 voices. The house will seat 1,200 persons, the prices of admission varying from 2 marks 50 pfennigs to 50 pfennigs without the 2 marks.—The Senate of the Academy of Arts have declared the Meyerbeer Exhibition again open to public competition. The competitors must not have passed their 25th year, and must have studied in the School of Musical Composition attached to the Academy of Arts, in the New Academy of Tone-Art, directed by Professor Kullak, in the Conservatory of Music founded by Professor Stern, or, lastly, in the Conservatory of Music, Cologne. The subjects to be set to music may be had on application to the Secretary of the Academy of Arts. The competitors must send in their work by the 1st February, 1885, and the name of the successful competitor will be made known in the August ensuing. The prize consists of 4,500 marks. The winner is bound in the eighteen next following months to spend six in Italy, six in Paris, and six alternately in Vienna, Dresden, Munich, and Berlin, so as to obtain a thorough insight into musical matters in the various places mentioned. The prize-committee consists of the regular members belonging to the Musical Section of the Academy of Arts, together with Kahl, *Capellmeister*, and Professor Kullak.—Of the sixteen Philharmonic Society's Concerts to be given next season, Joseph Joachim will conduct eight; Professor Klindworth, four; and Professor Wüllner, four. The last eight will be given in the Philharmonic Concert Room; but the eight conducted by Joachim will take place at the Singakademie, and be called Royal Academy of Arts Concerts. This is a condition on which the Minister of Public Instruction insists, and on which he makes further State aid to the Philharmonic Orchestra dependent. It is said that at the last of these eight concerts Joseph Joachim will conduct for the first time publicly here some of Wagner's music, the compositions being the *Faust* Overture and the *Siegfried Idyll*.—Herr von Petersenn, teacher of the piano in the Royal School of Music, Würzburg, has been appointed to a similar post in the Royal High School for Music here, and will shortly enter on his new duties.

Effegies Verum.

MRS SIDDONS.

Mrs Siddons' engagement at the Dublin Theatre is on the most prodigious terms ever granted to any player—a thousand guineas for twenty-two nights! (To *Adelina Patti* and *Christine Nilsson*.—Dr Blügg.)

BALFE.

Concert at Drury Lane Theatre, Wednesday, 19th March, 1823.

Under the direction of Mr Bocha.

Between the second and third parts a Concerto on the Violin (in which will be introduced a favourite Irish air)—Master Balfé (his first appearance in London)—composed expressly for this occasion by C. E. Horn.

CHARLES KENSINGTON SALAMAN.

Concert at Covent Garden Theatre, 10th March, 1830.

Between the second and third parts Master Salaman (pupil of Mr C. Neate) will perform a Fantasia on the Grand Piano-forte.

Lucilio Tanini.

THE 24th November will be the twenty-fifth anniversary of Adelina Patti's first appearance at the Academy of Music, New York, where she made her *début* on the 25th November, 1859, as the heroine of *Lucia di Lammermoor*.

Royal Academy of Music.

CERTIFICATES, COMMENDATIONS, &c.—MALE DEPARTMENT.

(Concluded from page 532.)

CERTIFICATES OF MERIT.

Harmony.—Charles S. Macpherson, Louis B. Prout.
Singing.—Musgrove Tufnail, Lucas Williams.
Pianoforte.—Ernest Kiver, Thomas B. Knott, Charles F. Reddie.
Organ.—Arthur Lake.
Violin.—William Richardson.

COMMENDATIONS.

Organ.—Edwin Drewett.
Violin.—Corelli Windeatt.

SILVER MEDALS.

Harmony.—Percy Baker, Rowland Briant, F. Kilvington Hattersley, Richard Metcalfe, Charles Wilkes.
Singing.—Joseph Barker, Charles Copland, Frederick Cundy, Vaughan Edwardes, John Henry, Hirwen Jones, Vincent Morgan.
Pianoforte.—Albert H. Fox, Frank W. Gwyn, Horace W. Norton.
Organ.—Henry C. Tonking, Charles Wilkes.
Violin.—J. E. German, Lewis Hann, Harry Newton.
Violoncello.—Ernest Burton.

COMMENDATIONS.

Pianoforte.—Walter Mackay, Stephen R. Philpot, Herbert J. Smith.
Violin.—Edward J. O'Brien.

BRONZE MEDALS.

Harmony.—Ernest Fowles, J. E. German.
Singing.—Walter E. Davis, Orlando Harley, Theophilus Moss, Sidney W. Spicer.
Pianoforte.—Gilbert R. Betjemann, Bernard Fison, Ernest Fowles, Frederick J. Gostelow, William J. Kippis, Harry E. Powell, Henry R. A. Robinson, Theophilus Ward.
Organ.—Arthur Godfrey, Ernest Slater.
Violin.—Albert J. James, John V. Marriott, Joseph E. Moore.
Violoncello.—Alfred P. Burnett, Percival Cooke, C. H. Allen Gill.
Sight Singing.—Arthur Godfrey, Ernest Fowles.
Elocution.—Theophilus Moss.

COMMENDATIONS.

Harmony.—Hugh Douglas, Frank W. Gwyn, Ernest Kiver, Ernest Lazareck, William Richardson.
Singing.—R. Randolph Arndell, Leonard Barnes, Walter Mackway, Frederick Spittal.

Pianoforte.—Robert G. Burnside, John Delaney, Edwin Drewett, William H. Edwards, Percy L. Harrison, Ernest L. Haywood, Archibald Hollier, Frederick Platten, Edward P. Reynolds, Ernest Slater, Edward R. Toms.

Organ.—Percy Baker, Frank Knight, Horatio J. Todd.

Violin.—Tom Frewin.

Violoncello.—John Carrodus.

Sight Singing.—H. Ormond Anderton, G. W. F. Crowther, Arthur Dace, Albert H. Fox, C. H. Allen Gill, Percy L. Harrison, Frederick J. Gostelow, Walter Hann, Archibald Hollier, Alfred Izard, Thomas B. Knott, Louis B. Prout, Corelli Windeatt.

Sight Playing and Transposing.—Rowland Briant, Frederick Cundy, Arthur Dace, J. E. German, William C. Hann, Walter Hann, Alfred Izard, Thomas B. Knott, Ernest Kiver, Herbert Lake, Charles S. Macpherson, John V. Marriott, Louis B. Prout, Charles F. Reddie, William Richardson, Horatio J. Todd, Edward R. Toms, Henry C. Tonking, Charles Wilkes, Corelli Windeatt.

Elocution.—Walter E. Davis.

FIRST DIVISION.—COMMENDATIONS.

Organ.—William A. Summers.

PRIZE VIOLIN BOW.

Made and presented to the Institution by Mr James Tubbs, of Wardour Street, for Violin Playing.—Walter Hann.

EXAMINERS.

Harmony.—H. C. Banister, F. W. Davenport, H. C. Lunn, E. Prout, B.A., Lond., C. Steggall, Mus. D., Cantab., and the Principal (Chairman).

Singing.—F. R. Cox, A. D. Duviol, Ettore Fiori, Gustave Garcia, Cav. P. Goldberg, Edwin Holland, W. Shakespeare, and Alberto Randegger (Chairman).

First Division.—F. R. Cox, Ettore Fiori, and the Principal (Chairman).

Pianoforte.—H. R. Evers, Eaton Faninig, Walter Fitton, Stephen Kemp, F. B. Jewson, Arthur O'Leary, Brinley Richards, Harold Thomas, Frederick Westlake, T. Wingham, and Walter Macfarren (Chairman).

First Division.—H. R. Evers, A. Schloesser, and the Principal (Chairman).

Orchestral Instruments.—A. Burnett, W. Frye Parker, A. Pezze, F. Ralph, John Thomas, and P. Sainton (Chairman).

First Division.—F. Ralph, P. Sainton, and the Principal (Chairman).

Organ.—H. R. Rose, C. Steggall, Mus. D., Cantab., and the Principal (Chairman).

Sight Singing, Sight Playing, and Transposing.—H. R. Evers and the Principal.

Languages.—A. Hartog, G. Weil, Ph. D., and F. De Asarta (Chairman).

Elocution.—Henry Kemble, Walter Lacy, and the Principal.

Westmorland Scholar.—Eleanor Roes. *Potter Exhibitioner*.—G. W. F. Crowther. *Sterndale Bennett Scholar*.—Septimus B. Webbe. *Purepa-Rosa Scholar*.—Fanny Eliza Rowe. *Sir John Goss Scholar*.—Charles Wilkes. *Lady Goldsmid Scholar*.—Lilian Munster. *Balfe Scholar*.—Charles Stewart Macpherson. *Thalberg Scholar*.—Arthur Dace. *The Hine Gift*.—Albert H. Fox. *John Thomas Welsh Scholar*.—Annie Elizabeth Griffiths.

ARTISTS versus AMATEURS.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

DEAR SIR,—Being a constant reader of your worthy paper I hope you will have the kindness to grant a small space in it for these few lines that, I think, may interest your readers on behalf of the poor musical artists, especially of the young beginners, who have so many hardships to undergo before getting their talent appreciated by the public after their laborious studies and the heavy expenses incurred for their education. Many are the causes of complaint under which they have to suffer. Allow me to enumerate briefly a few of the most important: 1. The want of help from, or rather the jealousy of, their fortunate colleagues, who reached the top of the ladder when it was far easier to climb than now, in consequence of the great competition of the present day, and who very often, in place of helping some young artist to come forward, refuse either to play or sing with them, as if they were afraid of having to retire to the background. 2. The difficulty of getting before the public, in organizing concerts, or in being able to purchase the right of appearing in those of *impresarios* who are in vogue—unless they will submit themselves to the caprices of some wealthy prodigal "masher," or of some rich old maid "sick for artist love"—as they have not, in general, a big purse of their own at disposal. 3. The *impresarios*, or the musical agents, who find it much easier and more remunerative to produce known than unknown talent. 4. The amateurs (that new plague) who sing and play everywhere for nothing, spoiling the livelihood of poor professionals. In reading an article on a picture exhibition in a Continental paper I find the following remarks on amateur painters that are quite applicable to amateur musicians, both as regards themselves and their masters, now-a-days that, in London especially, one can find a musical academy at nearly every street corner, for which reason I believe that H.R.H. the Prince of Wales would have done better in erecting a hospital for poor artists than a new Conservatoire of Music:—

"On ne connaissait pas autrefois l'intrusion des amateurs, véritable plaie d'Egypte de nos dernières Expositions. En remontant à la cause de ce grave abus, j'ai découvert qu'un des artistes qui donnent des leçons de dessin et de peinture aux messieurs et aux dames du monde, se trouvant par hasard du jury d'admission, en profita pour faire admettre l'œuvre d'un de ses élèves à un des salons triennaux. Aussitôt ce fut à qui viendrait lui demander des leçons. Il pouvait doubler ses prix. On le citait à l'envi comme un professeur émérite. Ses collègues finirent par élever la meche et n'eurent rien de plus pressé que de s'inscrire dans le même sens et de faire jouer leurs influences pour obtenir des résultats analogues. C'est ainsi qu'amateurs et amatrices on fini par fournir un contingent toujours grossissant. Cette année on y a mis heureusement le hola. Le jury a refusé les œuvres de plus de 80 artistes du beau sexe. Il était temps. Les amateurs ne se contentaient plus d'être tolérés, ils guettaient les récompenses et jusqu'aux encouragements pécuniaires du gouvernement. D'autres firent acheter, de leurs propres deniers, par personnes interposées, leurs élucubrations pour pouvoir lire sous leurs cadres le mot éblouissant: vendu."—Etoile Belge.

Hoping you will excuse these lines and have the kindness to insert them, I remain, dear Sir, yours truly,

A. BAMBERINI.

Sans Soucis Lodge, Hampstead, September 3, 1884.

THE THÉÂTRE-ITALIEN IN PARIS.

M. Maurel has issued his prospectus of the above theatre which, as at present arranged, will re-open on the 25th October. The company, according to the managerial announcement, will include Mmes Adelina Patti, Semblich, De Cepeda, Tremelli, Violetti, Calvé, Dupuis, Valda, Conti, Mattruzzi, Morelli; MM. Nicolini, Maurel, Edouard de Reszké, Nouvelli, Lubert, Giannini, Paroli, Bolcioni, Lauwers, Verdini, Ughetti, Fournets, Lukz, Dejean, and Carbone. Signori Gialdini and Conti will officiate as conductors; Lombardi, as chorus-master. The orchestra will consist of seventy performers; the chorus will number 80 voices, male and female; while 40 female dancers will constitute the corps de ballet, with Cesare Marzagera as ballet-master. Negotiations, moreover, are pending with the tenors Masini, Gayarre, and Tamagno. Hopes, too, are entertained that the services of Mme Christine Nilsson may be secured. The repertoire will include five new works by French authors, namely, *Aben Hamet*, by MM. Théodore Dubois, Détrouat, and A. de Lauzières; *Richard III.*, by MM. Salvayre and Emile Blavat; *Le Chevalier Jean*, by MM. Jancières, Louis Gallet, and Edouard Blau; *Benvenuto Cellini*, by MM. Eugène Diaz and Gaston Hirsch; and *Joel*, by the Baronne Legoux. Three Italian works also, *Mefistofele*, *Gioconda*, and *Il Guarany*, will be introduced for the first time to a French public.

Whether M. Maurel's prospectus will be carried out in its entirety remains to be seen. At any rate, doubts are already rife as to Mme Adelina Patti's appearing. It is possible that, for reasons of a private and personal nature, she may decline to visit Paris. If so, it will be a sad blow to the manager.

MEMORIES OF HANDEL.

Amateurs of music know that the bicentenary of Handel's birth takes place the 23rd of February next year. Many writers hold that he was born in the year 1684, while others maintain that 1685 is the correct date. The variety of statement can, however, be reconciled when it is remembered that at that time and for many years later it was the custom to reckon by different styles, the Old and the New; to date all transactions occurring in the months before the 25th of March as belonging to the old year. This was the Old Style. Others dated the new year from the 1st of January, as at present. This was the New Style. To reconcile both parties and to make matters clear to all, events which happened during the three overlapping months in the year were indicated by a double date. Therefore Handel's birth would be chronicled by one party as having occurred in the year 1684, by another in 1685, and by those who desired to be accommodating as in 1684-5.

There is a rumour that it is proposed to celebrate the occasion in a manner fitting, which will doubtless be attended with success. The estimation of his great genius as a musician was never more firmly established than at present, and the two recent biographies of him, written by Mr W. S. Rockstro, and Mrs Julian Marshall, have tended to augment the knowledge of the man and his works, and to increase the number of Handel worshippers. For these everything connected with his name and actions has a peculiar charm. Even those whose knowledge is but slight can scarcely fail to regard the places and things associated with him with more or less interest. The house in Brook Street, Hanover Square, where he lived during the last years of his life, and where he breathed his last, is still standing, and is often made the point of a pilgrimage. The interior of the house has been necessarily changed, and is in private occupation. The exterior is nearly the same as it was 125 years ago, when the great and noble spirit of the master left its earthly tenement.

There is another congenial shrine full of interest for the Handel worshipper within nine miles of London, in a village fraught with many memories of the great master, which is well worth a visit. This is the church of Edgeware, otherwise Little Stanmore. It was rebuilt and decorated by the Duke of Chandos, as a fitting appendage to his palace and park of Canons. Residence and church are satirically but graphically described in Pope's "Epistle on False Taste." There are few traces of the original characteristics of the residence, but time has respected the little church, consecrated in an antiquarian as well as in a religious point of view, and here, with Pope's essay in hand, the visitor can contemplate the frescoes of Verrio and Laguerre, and decide for himself as to the *quantum* of truth lying beneath a film of satire. Whatever controversy may be raised as to the taste of the mural designs, there can be none as to the merit of the organ. In the memory of living persons this interesting *souvenir* remained precisely as when Handel accompanied the morning and evening services during his tenure of the post of organist for three years, about 1720. The instrument was effectively reconstructed in 1873 by Brindley & Foster, of Sheffield. The

case, carved by the skilful hand of Grinling Gibbons, remains intact, save where some sacrilegious sight-seer has filched a memento with the help of his penknife. There is little architectural beauty in the church itself, as the model upon which it is constructed is that known as "Churchwarden's Gothic," but it stands in the midst of sylvan beauty, and none with a soul to be influenced by the surroundings and associations could hear without emotion the time-honoured service of the English Church celebrated in that devotional, pious, and simple manner "out of which come strength and comfort." The earnestness of those engaged in performing the duty of the service of song helps to crown their labours with a success not always attained by choirs in more populous places and of greater ambition. Yielding to the traditions of the place as the strains of one of Bach's mighty fugues, played with spirit and intelligence by the clever amateur who is the present successor of the "giant Saxon," the pilgrim repeoples the sacred edifice with the shadows of bygone notabilities who once listened reverently to like sounds evoked by the mighty skill of him whose memories fill the place, and give zest to the popular traditions of the village. One of these traditions is in some sort perpetuated by the modern tasteless headstone in the churchyard which marks the grave of William Powell, the blacksmith, to whom is assigned the honour of having indicated to Handel, during a temporary refuge in a shower, the accompaniment to *Wageoseil's* melody, generally known as the "Harmonious Blacksmith." The shed still stands in the village, but the "besom of inquiry has swept the story out of the path of truth."—*Morning Post*.

DO YOU REMEMBER?

A SEASIDE LYRIC.

(New Song for Music.)

Do you remember, my love? We are standing
Again where the wavelets are kissing our feet;
And memory, the past, with swift vision commanding,
Brings back to my spirit youth's morning so sweet.

Do you remember those vanish'd days olden,
When we linger'd, entranced, by the beautiful sea,
While on its calm breast play'd the sunbeams so golden,
And I told the sweet tale of my true love to thee?

Do you remember how then the glad ocean
Seem'd to know that two hearts, fond and faithful, were near,
And the waves seem'd to sing of our tender devotion,
While their music alone softly fell on our ear?

Do you remember? Oh! say that the glory
Of that happy time still doth rest on your soul;
That you love still to think of love's softly breathed story,
While again at our feet the grand ocean doth roll.

Do you remember? Life's burden and sorrow
At times on our hearts in the journey have prest,
But now we are nearing Heaven's blissful to-morrow,
And our day upon earth sinketh fast in the west.

Do you remember? My spirit is yearning
To know that the past with your present has met—
Ah! your eyes, their soft glory upon me now turning,
Declare that, like me, you can never forget!

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SARAH ANN STOWE.

ACCORDING to the *Berliner Fremdenblatt* the engagement between Mdlle Daniela von Bülow and Fritz Brandt, son and successor of the famous stage-machinist, is broken off.

BAYREUTH.—The resolution to keep the "Festival Play-House" closed next year, and give no more "Festival-Stage-Play Performances" there till 1886, has occasioned considerable surprise, not only here, but in art circles all over Germany. The artists who took part in the last performances are especially astonished, and most of them announced they would, if required, sing next year for much lower terms than they have hitherto accepted. According to report, the principal reason for the resolution to which the Composer's family have come, is that the King of Bavaria will no longer pay the Munich Band and Munich singers. But this reason will hardly stand the test of examination; for even this year King Ludwig did not pay the Munich contingent, and yet the performances, it is said, yielded a very satisfactory pecuniary result. Or is it possible that the latter was not quite as satisfactory as represented?

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

DR RIBB.—Mr Ebenezer Prout was neither at Bayreuth nor Munich, but Mr W. H. Cummings was at both. The Abbé Liszt was at the first-named place, but Edouard Hanslick was not.

L. F. S. F.—The "Album Leaf," by W. S. Bennett, referred to by F. L. F. S., was written in 1840, and presented by the composer to a friend, who still has the MS. in his possession. It was printed in a publication called *The Harmonist*.

DEATHS.

On August 10th, Mr TOM BROWNE, professor of the violin, aged 72.

On August 29th, at 2, Paragon, Winchester, JOSEPH MUNT LANGFORD, late of 37, Paternoster Row, London, aged 75.

TO ADVERTISERS.—The Office of the MUSICAL WORLD is at Messrs DUNCAN DAVISON & Co.'s, 244, Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). Advertisements not later than Thursday. Payment on delivery.

The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 6, 1884.

SO (we hear) the French Government has again forbidden the production of *Lohengrin* at M. Maurel's theatre! What stupidity! Why not give the Parisian critics another chance?—*Dr Bridge*.

IS BAYREUTH RESPONSIBLE?

(From "L'Etoile Belge.")

A piece of news, forwarded from Bayreuth to Paris, is at this moment spreading like a train of gunpowder: Liszt, the great Liszt, is blind. This impassioned singer, the precursor of a transformed art, the friend of Berlioz and Richard Wagner, this marvellous adapter, will now sing in darkness like Homer, and, having fought the good fight, is, it appears, reduced to depend upon a prince's charity. The Grand Duke of Saxe-Weimar, we are informed, has just conferred on him a pension of 6,000 marks. This is sufficient for his old age, but seems a very poor amount compared with the millions which the fiery genius flung about with frightful recklessness in the days when he was the most petted, the most adored of musicians. 6,000 marks; that is the end. When a little boy, nine years old, he began with a pension of 600 florins, allowed him by two Presburg noblemen, Counts Amaden and Zopary, to encourage him in his marvellous early efforts. Between the final 6,000 marks and the original 600 florins, what an abyss filled up with mountains of gold, of which nothing is left; nothing!

This genius-gifted old man is now seventy-three years of age. It is hardly two years ago since we saw him at Brussels, when the original Société de Musique undertook to organize a festival in his honour. He looked old. His beautiful and slender patrician-like hands, with their taper fingers, were wrinkled, full of knots, and seemingly ankylosed. His once so brilliant eye, whence used to flash the lightning glance that suddenly became humid under the genial influence of a smile, had assumed a glassy look, a strange fixedness, as though he saw beyond the things surrounding him. Perhaps he already felt the veil slowly falling which was destined to cut off the light of day, and enable him to see within himself expanses which human vision cannot fathom.

It seems that he has accepted his misfortune with fortitude and without repining, just as he has accepted all the determining events of his life. We may add that Liszt was born with the temperament of revolt and resistance. He has laughed at obstacles. The inspiration of the moment was always the inspiration he followed. Full of passion, he was so under all circumstances, and without passion could never do anything.

[Hence these tears! We are not surprised at anything that obtains credence in Paris; but we are surprised at the *Etoile Belge*, and fairly astounded at Bayreuth, where the Abbé Liszt was a conspicuous figure during the recent Bayreuthiad.—D. B.]

THE FESTIVALS FOR 1884.

Once more the season of musical festivals has drawn near, and soon the chief interest connected with the "art divine" will be found, not in London, which is its home for most of the year, but in here and there a country town. We cannot overvalue these autumnal solemnities. They have, of course, an immense local importance, both artistic and social; but upon this it is unnecessary to insist, their main value being discovered in the effect upon public opinion made by bringing music into the front rank of current events, and in the encouragement they afford to the production of new works. We sometimes hear it said that country festivals have outlived their day, since London, with all its wealth of music, is easily accessible from the remotest place. The conclusion hardly follows from the undoubted fact. An ordinary concert, in London or elsewhere, is but an episode, often, relatively, a very insignificant one. A festival, however, lifts music out of the ruck of mere incidents. It is an event to be more or less generally anticipated, prepared for, discussed, and estimated. It puts music in a conspicuous place before the eyes of many who have the vaguest sense of what it is or ought to be, and asserts for it an importance proportioned to the interest excited. So looked at, the musical festival has a distinct and special value, and fulfils a mission which no aggregate of ordinary concerts could discharge. The extent to which it encourages creative talent is great and continually increasing. No programme can be complete without a novelty, and on some occasions new works run old favourites hard for the lion's share of time and attention. This, of course, may be carried too far. Of works specially written for provincial festivals a large percentage are complimented by being called a "nine days' wonder;" and the fact should never be overlooked that, as these celebrations are more for ordinary amateurs than for quidnuncs, it becomes artistically important to develop public taste by showing the best examples of acknowledged masters. We cheerfully grant that festival managers have not yet lost sight of the fact just stated. Their programmes generally are well balanced as between the old and the new, a proper preponderance being given to works which, regarded for the sake of their influence, cannot too often be heard.

The first festival of the present autumn will take place at Worcester, it being the turn of the "faithful city" to assert the vitality of the most ancient musical institution in England. Nothing now threatens the venerable gathering of the three Western choirs. It has outlived public indifference, clerical hostility, and false counsels, doing so by simply hanging on to life and wearying its enemies to death. We have no desire to rekindle the flame of controversy, but sometimes it is well to recall the turbulence of the past in order to heighten our enjoyment of present peace. The prospects of the forthcoming meeting are exceptionally good, although the programme contains but one novelty, *Hero and Leander*, specially composed by Mr C. Harford Lloyd. Absence of new works need never mean lack of interest, nor does it in this case. Truth to tell, the Worcester scheme is singularly attractive to the ordinary music-lover, who finds in it not only such indispensable things as *The Messiah* and *Elijah*, but Gounod's *Redemption*—undeniably the greatest success of recent years; the beautiful *Stabat Mater*, that best represents in our country the still rising genius of Anton Dvorák; Cherubini's *Mass in D minor*, and other works around which interest continues to gather. A significant feature in the prospect of the festival is a great demand for seats at the performance of Gounod's *Sacred Trilogy*, although that work has been several times given at Birmingham, Gloucester, and other contiguous places. It would seem that our early anticipations on this matter are in course of fulfilment, despite the severe criticism called forth in many quarters by the peculiar character of the French master's music. So much the better. All beauty is not cast in one mould, and it says much for the eclecticism of the English amateur that he can cleave closely to his *Messiah* and yet have room in his heart for the *Redemption*. From Worcester the centre of interest will promptly shift to Liverpool, where the National Eisteddfod of Wales is appointed to be held. At this gathering music has been assigned a conspicuous place, the arrangements providing for a large number of competitions and also for performances on a considerable scale. A prize of two hundred pounds will reward the most efficient choir. A new oratorio, *Nebuchadnezzar*, by Dr Parry, of Swansea, is set down for first performance, and concerts will be given by the Liverpool Philharmonic Society, under the direction of Mr Alberto Randegger. Large and liberal doings of this kind were to be expected at an Eisteddfod held in such a city as Liverpool, but we advert to them more especially in order to urge that every Eisteddfod, whether in Wales or across the Marches, should seek as far as possible to extend the area and elevate the character of competition. Our Celtic neighbours have kept their historic institution too much to themselves, thus largely refusing the means of

comparison which would certainly lead to an elevated standard of merit. They are apt to look with jealousy upon English competition and English art, whereas their true interest lies in inviting both. In nothing can a people afford to "breed in and in." New blood means new life, and new life signifies a more efficient exercise of every function. At the Liverpool Eisteddfod there will be so much new life that the occasion cannot fail to take rank as of national, not merely local, importance. There are signs, by the way, that Wales will not long enjoy a monopoly of these great competitive meetings—as far, at any rate, as concerns music. Equally obvious with their interest are the advantages they offer, and, though we cannot acclimatise the Gorsedd, or adopt the rights of the "Bards of the Isle of Britain," it is possible for Englishmen to appropriate the grand idea of the Eisteddfod, and meet in friendly contest of art and knowledge under the sign of "The truth against the world."

The last of the autumnal gatherings for the present year takes place at Norwich, in October, and promises very considerable attraction. Owing, perhaps, to the position of the East Anglian city, the festival triennially held there has not felt the stimulus experienced in other places, nor has the support accorded to it of late years been very encouraging in extent. Now, however, the managers are moving forward, and have drawn up their programme in an unwonted spirit of enterprise. Retaining the *Messiah* and *Elijah** as of course, they associate Gounod's *Redemption* with those masterpieces, and present an entirely new work of the same class, to wit, a dramatic oratorio entitled *The Rose of Sharon*, and founded upon the Song of Solomon. In this important production Mr A. C. Mackenzie will make his bow as a composer in the highest branch of sacred music, and will do so, we have reason to believe, with conspicuous success. The Scottish musician risks much upon this venture, challenging, as he does, even more formidable comparison and criticism than wait upon the aspirant in opera; but, unless the performance of his music belie its promise, the result will show that he did not over-estimate his powers. A second novelty in the Norwich programme is an Elegiac Ode by Mr Villiers Stanford, who, by its means, we sincerely trust, will prove that he can still write better music than *Savonarola*. English art is further to be represented in the Eastern city by Mr Cowen's *Scandinavian Symphony*, a concert overture by Mr Wingham, and the *Overture di Ballo* of Sir Arthur Sullivan. Five British composers at a single festival are a proportion large enough effectually to stop the mouths of those who stand ready to cry out against neglect of native talent. In other respects the Norwich week can hardly fail to give satisfaction. Those anticipate an all-round success, at any rate, who call to mind the admirable performances secured in 1881 by the conductor, Mr Randegger. We have entered into details concerning the forthcoming meetings, not so much for their own sake as to establish the proposition with which we set out—that the provincial musical festival is an institution to be encouraged by those to whom its local significance does not appeal in the smallest degree. In one sense it may be said that success or failure at Worcester or Norwich concerns nobody beyond the neighbourhood of each place; but from a higher standpoint we see very plainly that gatherings of this kind are an important part of the musical life of the nation. Their influence is far-reaching; their direct results are often of the highest value, as when, for example, the enterprise of Birmingham made possible the production amongst us of Gounod's greatest religious work. It follows that amateurs should desire the "long-continuance and increasing" of such celebrations, tending as they do to ennoble the art in the sight of the whole people and in other ways to promote its highest interests.—D. T.

MR LINDSAY SLOPER has come back from Margate, but will probably return and further extend his holiday.

It is again reported that Verdi will visit Paris next winter, to conduct the 100th performance of *Aida* at the Grand Opera.

THE Meiningen Orchestra, under the direction of Dr Hans von Bülow, will give two concerts in Strasburgh, on the 7th and 8th November.

MR DUUVIER, the eminent vocal professor at our Royal Academy of Music, has returned to town from his brief visit to Margate.

THE Carl Rosa Opera Company have been performing during the week at Cork. *Carmen* and *Il Trovatore*, with Mme Marie Roze and Mr Leslie Crotty, as well as *Esmeralda*, with Mme Georgina Burns and Mr Barton McGuckin in the principal characters, have been the most attractive operas. H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh was present on Wednesday evening, when *Il Trovatore* was given.

* To make sure of the presence of the advanced people.—Dr Bldgr.

MEYERBEER AT SPA.

(From "Le Ménestrel.")

I have brought back with me from Spa the clean proofs of a neat little volume consecrated to Meyerbeer,* and, even before it is published in Brussels, I should like to say a few words about it, and show how extremely interesting it is.

We know that almost every year, in the season, Spa was Meyerbeer's favourite resort; for thirty years he scarcely ever missed visiting it, and going through a course of its healthy and invigorating waters. The great man loved Spa, with its charming environs, picturesque sites, and thick foliage; with its varied character, now rustic and wild, now familiar and full of sweetness. He was well known to the people of the place, who had become accustomed to his habits, manias, and little eccentricities. It is precisely his habits, his domestic life, his ways as a patient and as a visitor, which M. Albin Body, who was personally acquainted with him, has undertaken to tell, and make known to us. Calling to his aid his own recollections, the traditions not yet lost of Meyerbeer's visits, the papers and the local chronicles, M. Body has felicitously sketched one side of the physiognomy characterising the master, who found in this charming place a sort of excitant to his inspiration, and wrote there most of the fine pages in his immortal masterpieces.

I cannot give an analysis of the book; it is crammed full of anecdotes, piquant incidents, and hitherto unknown facts, the perusal of which will not prove devoid of utility to the bold author who shall undertake to give us a regular study of him who composed *Les Huguenots* and *Le Prophète*. Such a book, indeed, defies analysis. The life—at one and the same time the life of a tourist and of a worker—which Meyerbeer led at Spa, his favourite walks, his donkey rides, his everlasting and legendary umbrella, the solitude he always affected, his rare intercourse with others, his daily dealings with his donkey-driver and hairdresser, the curl-papers in which he had his hair put every morning, the exactitude and conscientiousness with which he drank the waters, the subterfuges to which he had recourse for the purpose of avoiding importunate intruders, the respect and attention of which he was the object from everyone, the joy he experienced on meeting certain friends, such as Jules Janin and M. Hetzel—all these things are told by the narrator in the most curious and pleasing manner. Not being able to do more, I will limit myself to mentioning one or two especially interesting facts.

From 1829, the first year of his visits to Spa, Meyerbeer was the object of flattering homage. A deputation of Liège musicians was sent to offer him a member's diploma, which he eagerly accepted, of the Grétry Society. It was in consequence of the relations thus established between him and the artists of the town in question that the theatre there had the good fortune to be the first after Paris to produce *Robert le Diable*. On the Grétry Society begging this favour of him, he replied by forwarding a copy of his *still unpublished* score, with the following letter, addressed to a member of that body:—

"SIR,—Your indulgence alone can find an excuse for my silence until now, if my heavy and laborious occupations do not obtain my pardon; but I think I have given a proof of my great consideration for the Grétry Society, of which I esteem it an honour to be a member. I postponed till May next the publication of the full score of *Robert le Diable*, because I desired that the second theatre to give the opera should be the Italian Theatre in London, whither I am going in six months to get the work up with Mme Damoreau and MM. Levasseur and Nourrit. I attached great importance to this, for the complication and number of resources needed, as well as the *mise-en-scène*, rendered the execution of the score extremely difficult. However, when, in your name and that of the Grétry Society, M. de Saint-Victor asked me to let him have the manuscript score for Liège, I did not hesitate an instant; I knew the talent there is in the orchestra; I felt flattered at the eagerness of a manager who was not frightened at the enormous outlay required to place the work on the stage; and I could not refuse anything when backed by a recommendation of so much weight with me as that of the illustrious Grétry Society. The Liège Theatre will, therefore, be the second where *Robert* will be given. You may conceive, my dear Sir, of what deep importance its fate at Liège is for me. I trust the Grétry Society will accord me all their kindly protection when their fellow member's work is performed. . . . I hope you will be kind

* Meyerbeer aux Eaux de Spa, par Albin Body, avec une eau-forte de G. Gernay. (Bruxelles, Rosez, in-12.)

enough to let me know what was the effect produced by my work, for I cannot repeat too often that the suffrages of the Liège public and of my fellow-members are what I most ardently desire; you will, perhaps, also kindly communicate to me the verdict pronounced in your papers; I may find some new and useful hints in what they say. You know the reason of my holding back the publication of the full score, but the complete score for piano and voice will appear to-morrow, and the first copy will be sent off at once; may I beg you to request the illustrious Grétry Society to accept it as a slight mark of respect from one of their members. Believe me to remain, &c.

"G. MEYERBEER."

We find in this letter traces of Meyerbeer's somewhat calculated modesty, as well as of the care with which he always sought to surround the performance of his works. It was, by the way, at Spa that he wrote most of the music of *Robert*, and it was at Spa that he finished the score in June, 1830.

Meyerbeer adored Spa, for he found there every year repose and health. A Brussels paper, the *Uylenspiegel*, said in 1857: "Meyerbeer appears to have become the familiar genius of Spa. He is beloved there to an extraordinary degree. A native of the place will tell you that Meyerbeer owes everything to Spa, and that Spa owes nothing to Meyerbeer. Who gave him *Robert le Diable*?—Spa. Who inspired him with his finest melodies?—Spa. Who keeps him in health?—Spa; always Spa. I like to believe that Meyerbeer bears Spa in his heart." When he first stayed at Spa, in 1829, he was described in the Strangers' List as a "rentier," or person of independent means; the next year he was "rentier and musical composer"; later he caused himself to be entered as "Musical-Director-General to His Majesty the King of Prussia"; and, lastly, from 1855, he describes himself as "Knight of the Legion of Honour and Chapelmaster to His Majesty the King of Prussia."

I should like, also, to make known how the Municipality of Spa came to bestow officially the name of Meyerbeer on the master's favourite walk; to give the words of the resolution adopted on the subject by the Communal Council; and to quote the letter in which the great man expressed his gratitude for the mark of respect paid him; but space fails me. All this, and much more besides, will be found in M. Albin Body's agreeable book. The fact is, that, if I did not restrain myself, I should transcribe the book bodily, in defiance of the laws affecting literary property, and my article would no longer be a notice but a pirated edition.

ARTHUR POUJIN.

PROVINCIAL.

PENTRICH (NEAR ALFRETON).—On Wednesday, Aug. 27th, a new organ, valued at over £300, which has been placed in St Matthew's Church, Pentrich, was formally opened. In the morning the Litany was said, the officiating clergyman being the Rev. L. J. Ledward, the vicar of the parish. In the afternoon there was an organ recital by Mr Edward Brown, Mus. Doc., of Barrow-in-Furness, who played in admirable style the subjoined compositions:—

Chorus, "Sing unto God" (Handel); Pastorale (E. T. Chipp); Two organ pieces (Niels W. Gade); Air, "My heart ever faithful" (J. S. Bach); Prelude and Fugue, in C minor (J. S. Bach); Air, "Rest in the Lord" (Mendelssohn); Allegretto in G (C. Warwick Jordan); March from *St Polycarp* (Onseley).

The attendance was good. A full choral service was held in the evening, the preacher being the Rev. J. C. Massey, rector of South Normanton, and rural dean. The collections were in aid of the organ fund. The debt still remaining is about £45. The organ has been built by Mr J. R. Cousins, of Lincoln. The specification is appended:—

GREAT ORGAN.—Open diapason, 8 ft.; stopped diapason, 8 ft.; dulciana, 8 ft.; cremona, 8 ft.; flute, 4 ft.

SWELL ORGAN.—Lieblich bourdon, 16 ft.; violin diapason, 8 ft.; salicional, 8 ft.; oboe, 8 ft.; principal, 4 ft.; piccolo, 2 ft.

PEDAL ORGAN.—Double stopped diapason, 16 ft.

COUPLERS.—Swell to great; swell to pedals; great to pedals.

NOTTINGHAM.—On Sunday, Aug. 31, the fortieth anniversary of the opening of St Barnabas' Cathedral was celebrated—says the *Nottingham Journal*—with all that grandeur of ceremony which characterises the important festivals of the Roman Communion, and with that artistic care for the musical portion of the service which, at the Nottingham Cathedral, renders them very pleasant spots in the recollection of those who have had the privilege of assisting thereat. The Mass selected was Henry Farmer's in B flat, and the composer, ever a warm friend of the choir of St Barnabas, was

persuaded to emerge from that retirement, into which, all too soon for lovers of good music, he has betaken himself, to conduct his work once more. Written nearly forty years ago, the Mass in question remains one of the most popular, as it was always one of the most attractive of his works, and, singularly enough, it was performed in London on Sunday as well as in Nottingham. The orchestration is most skilful, the violin and violoncello parts being especially interesting; and that it was admirably conducted goes without saying, the utmost attention being paid to light and shade. The soloists were Miss J. Chambers, Miss Shearston, Mr L. Gregory, and Mr J. Taylor. The solo during the offertory (by Lambelot) was admirably sung by the Rev. Father Burns. Mr W. Gregory presided at the organ, and the band was led by Mr A. R. Watson. After the service, in the library an interesting ceremony took place—the presentation to Mr Farmer of an exquisite ivory and silver *bâton*—as a slight acknowledgment of the friendly interest he had always taken in the choir of St Barnabas. The pleasant duty of making the presentation was fitly entrusted to Father Burns, to whom the direction of the music performed at the Cathedral is a labour of love. Mr Farmer suitably acknowledged the presentation.

WORCESTER.—The next season of the Worcester Glee Club will commence under gratifying auspices. There will be a long list of members—already the names of nearly 200 have been entered—under the presidency of Mr T. M. Hopkins. The musical arrangements will again be under the direction of Mr Quarterman and Mr H. Elgar; and engagements have been made with the Birmingham Glee Union and the Worcester Glee and Madrigal Union. The popular instrumental nights will take place as usual. The opening meeting will be held on the first Tuesday in October.

MALVERN.—Mr W. F. Newton gave an organ recital at the Priory Church on Wednesday, August 27th, the programme being as follows:—Preludio religioso, sonata ecclesia (J. T. Cooper); Fugue in C, on the name of Bach (C. P. E. Bach); Aria, "O rest in the Lord" (Mendelssohn); Introduction, offertoire, fugue (T. Hewlett); Andantino (F. Schubert); Allegro agitato (Wély); *Inflammatus, Stabat Mater* (Rossini); Prelude, in D minor (Clerambault); Chorus, from the *Occasional Oratorio* (Handel); Postludio benedizione, Sonata Ecclesia (J. T. Cooper).

LIVERPOOL.—So seldom is the *Beggars' Opera* now performed that among modern playgoers it has become to be regarded as almost obsolete. When, however, it is presented with Mr Sims Reeves as Captain Macheath, it is still a powerful attraction, as was proved by the large and distinguished audience that assembled at the Court Theatre on Friday night, August 29. Mr Carl Rosa, with the desire to present every piece in its most complete form, had a most competent company to support Mr Reeves. The result was one of the finest performances, vocally, of the opera that has been given for many years. Mr Reeves, as the dashing highwayman, displayed that dramatic and vocal talent that has so identified his name with the part. When he entered and took part in the duet with Miss Siedle, "Pretty Polly, say!" he met with a complete ovation. Mr Reeves's greatest achievement—says *The Courier*—was in "How happy could I be with either." Altogether the performance of the opera was a satisfactory one, and it is to be regretted that some people inconsiderately leaving their seats should have interfered with those who wished to hear the *finale*, in which the solo passages were finely sung by Mr Reeves, "Here's to the Maiden." The opera, for stage effect, was most excellently presented, and the orchestra did their work admirably.

CREWKERNE.—An agreeable entertainment was given here on the evening of Tuesday, August 26, at the Church rooms. Desirous of finishing her connection with the local benevolent institutions in the same spirit of hospitality that ever marked it, Mrs Hocke sent out invitations for the above date to those connected and interested in the good work of the parish. After a repast, a selection of music was performed, in which Mrs Hocke had secured the assistance of Mrs Holmes (the new Vicar's lady), Miss Wheatley, Mr Alfred Calkin, Mr Lewis Thomas, and Mr Albert Ham.

NEW BRIGHTON.—From an artistic point of view no more successful sacred concert has been held at the New Brighton Palace than that of Saturday, August 30. The vocalists were Miss Josephine Yorke, Mdme Nina Castelli, and Mr Henry Pope. The palace orchestra, under the leadership of Mr W. Nolan, supplied the accompaniments, and Mr E. Comerford conducted. Mr Pope sang Henry Parker's new sacred song "Jerusalem" in a highly artistic and finished style—many people remarking that those who wish to hear him at his best ought to hear him in sacred music at the Palace. Mdme Castelli sang "I know that my Redeemer liveth" (Handel), and Miss Josephine York, who was in splendid voice, did not disappoint those who expected a musical treat, "The Lord is mindful of His own" and "O rest in the Lord" (Mendelssohn) being

rendered in the faultless style which has made her famous. In Rossini's "Fac ut portem" Miss Yorke's rich, powerful, and melodious voice had full scope, and the result was truly admirable. Should she again sing at the Palace, the announcement will draw a large audience.

BRIGHTON.—An extra entertainment was given in the Conservatory of the Aquarium last Saturday afternoon, consisting of the breach of promise case from the pages of *Pickwick*. With the present week was inaugurated a new set of entertainments. High-class vocal and instrumental concerts are once more to the front. The artists engaged each afternoon and evening were Mdme Campobello and Mr F. Gaynor. The musical attractions were supplemented by an engagement of the "Pinauds," a trio of fantastic musical grotesques, and Miss Marie Gilchrist, a pretty transformation dancer. In the Lecture Theatre, some interesting examples of conjuring after the manner in vogue in India are given by Dr Seaton.—The Pavilion Lawn Concert, on Monday evening, attracted over two thousand people. Selections of music were played by the band of the 4th Dragoon Guards, conducted by Mr T. Martin, whose "Pavilion Lawn Polka" was much admired.

COVENT GARDEN CONCERTS.

Whatever may be said about the want of respect for classical music evinced by the masses, this must be acknowledged: Mr A. Gwyllyn Crowe provides on Wednesday evenings a remarkably good selection of high-class compositions. On Wednesday last (Sept. 3) the programme of the first part was unusually interesting—beginning with Sterndale Bennett's ever-welcome overture to *The Naiades*, and ending with Hermann Goetz's Symphony in F. If, a few years ago, any one had predicted that such a work would be given at a promenade concert, they might have been considered somewhat over-enthusiastic; but the whole of it was not only given, but also remarkably well played. It perhaps would be going too far to say that it received much attention from the promenaders, but it certainly was listened to with deep interest by the seated part of the audience and by that broad fringe of standers who line the orchestra. Again Handel's Largo, as arranged by Hellmesberger, for strings, harp, and organ, met with much applause; indeed, it is difficult to resist so pure a melody, whatever opinion may be entertained of its fitness for such treatment. It is late in the day now to make any remarks upon Mr Carrodus's performance of Beethoven's Violin Concerto—a work he plays so finely, and one I have spoken of so often. He was called back twice to the orchestra, and the applause was enthusiastic. Hamilton Clarke's Andante (a "Theme with variations, from his first Quartet") is exceedingly bright and telling. It was played with so much delicacy that it merited the loud applause it received. Whether the Chevalier Leon E. Bach is well acquainted with Beethoven's Concerto in E flat I can't say; but he was fortunate in having a conductor who managed to "pull him through." Miss Anna Williams was, also, not wise in selecting Weber's difficult *scena*, "Ocean, thou mighty monster." Whether suffering from cold, or only over-anxiousness, her intonation was seriously imperfect. Mr Santley, on the other hand, was perfect, and in Sullivan's "Thou'rt passing hence, my brother," exhibited all that sustained emotion for which he—more particularly of late—has become celebrated. The second part included the conductor's successful waltz, "See-Saw," and a well-arranged selection from Chassaigne's *Falka*. It is hardly necessary to add that all parts of the house were crowded by a fairly-attentive audience. Mr Crowe conducted with marked care, more particularly the classical music.

"PHOSPHOR."

FOREIGN BUDGET.

(From Correspondents.)

BIEBRICH.—The erection of August Wilhelmj's High School for Violin Playing is so far advanced that the institution will be formally opened on the 1st May next. Meanwhile, the celebrated artist has already some specially gifted pupils living in his own house.

AMSTERDAM.—The Conservatory of Music established by the "Maatschappij tot Bevordering der Toonkunst" was opened on the 1st instant. It is the first establishment of the kind in Holland. The town has voted it, for the present, an annual grant of 1,000 florins.

VIENNA.—In future, Mdme Materna, like Pauline Lucca, will not be bound exclusively to the Imperial Operahouse. By her new engagement, she will sing there only four months a year, and receive 500 florins for every appearance.

FERRARA.—Just as the performance of *Marta* was about to commence lately at the Chalet Svizzero, it was discovered that a rather important personage, no less a one, in fact, than the conductor, Sig. Novasetti, was not at his post. Active search was at once instituted for him, but in vain. In this dilemma, and rather than dismiss the public, the manager, Sig. Licini, who was also the prompter, promptly left the prompt-box and, taking the missing conductor's place, performed his duties to the satisfaction of everybody.

NEW YORK.—Clara Louise Kellogg has come back from London. She says that everything American is now the rage in that city. American painters, singers, actors, readers, thought-readers, are well received there, and Lulu Hurst would undoubtedly be welcomed with open arms. Miss Kellogg has declined two offers to appear in English opera, and has made a "few engagements" for concerts. She thinks German opera in London was "unfairly abused," and declares *Die Meistersinger* a great work. Miss Kellogg, we are delighted to welcome you back. We feel natural again.—*The Musical Courier* (of New York).

MARIO, whose career on the lyric stage commenced in 1838 and ended in 1870, took part, according to the *Gazzetta dei Teatri*, in 924 performances, appearing 225 times in Donizetti's operas, 170 in Meyerbeer's, 143 in Rossini's, 112 in Verdi's, 82 in Bellini's, 70 in Gounod's, 68 in Mozart's, 30 in Flotow's, 12 in Cimarosa's, and 12 in Auber's. His favourite operas were *Les Huguenots*, *Il Barbiere di Siviglia*, and *Lucrezia Borgia*. He sang in the first 119 times; in the second, 102; and in the third, 91.

BAD NEUENAU.—On Saturday, the 16th August, Herr Standke, *Musikdirektor* from Bonn, gave in the Curhaus a Matinée Musicale, attended by an unusually large and fashionable audience. Much of what was done by the artists and amateurs who appeared on the occasion was very fine. But it was principally the co-operation of the baritone, Gustave Garcia, from London, which shed the greatest lustre on the concert. The celebrated singer gave an air from Verdi's *Ballo in Maschera*, a Spanish song by Yradier, and, after applause which seemed as though it would never end, Schumann's "Ich grolle nicht," in German. We may mention that Herr Hepke, the Burgomaster, had the pleasure of being able to employ the gross receipts, amounting to nearly 500 marks, for the benefit of the local poor.—*Kölnische Zeitung*.

Mr R. Andrews, the esteemed "veteran" composer and professor, of Manchester, has written some "In memoriam" music on the death of the Duke of Albany, a copy of which, being sent to the Duchess, was graciously acknowledged and accepted by Her Royal Highness.

M. Edouard Brandus, son of the late regretted Gemmy Brandus, and nephew of the highly-esteemed chief of the great music publishing house of Brandus & Co., Paris, was recently married at Philadelphia to Miss Berthe Henry, a daughter of Mr and Mrs Alfred Henry.

DRURY LANE.—With the revival of the melodrama of *The World*, which will take place on the 11th inst., Mr Augustus Harris enters upon his new lease of that theatre. Mr Harris will re-appear in his original character of the hero, and the other members of the company will include Messrs Arthur Dacre, H. Jackson, H. Nicholls, R. C. Carton, Percy Bell, A. C. Lilly, and Misses Marie Illington and Lizzie Claremont. The interior of the house has been entirely redecorated during the recess with crimson velvet and gold ornamentations.

SARAH BERNHARDT.—The difficulty which lately arose between Mdme Bernhardt and M. Mayer, the new lessee of the Porte Saint-Martin Theatre, has had a *dénouement* of an unexpected character. As she had reason to view the issue of a lawsuit with misgivings, Mdme Bernhardt has adopted the course of buying her antagonist out of the concern, and "running" the house on her own account, a number of her friends having provided the requisite funds by improvising among themselves a limited liability company, with a capital of £20,000, all the shares of which they have taken up. As, however, she does not intend burdening herself with the practical details of management, she has made M. Duquesnel, who formerly acted for her in the same capacity at the Ambigu, her working manager. M. Mayer receives £2,000 for his interest in the house, in addition to being refunded his expenses in connection with it.—*St James's Gazette*.

MUSIC O' A ZUMMERSET FAIR.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

ZUR.—Avore talkin' about th' Fair I must tell 'ee how 'twur I got whome from Lon'un in time to be thur. Zomehow I went from bad to worse in Lon'un—thik maze o' a place, thik gurt, cruel net wi' threads made o' bricks and iron. You'll zay, I'd no buzines thur; but what wur I to do? A'tur thik bothur wi'—(well never mind who), how could I look Till in th' face? Bettur be anywhur, than winze undur hur zoft eye! Thik's just what I zaid to myself when crawlin' along St James's Street last week, in th' blaze, "I'd rathur stare at th' blindin' zun for an hour, than meet hur meltin' look for a minute." Whilst thinkin' o' hur (and when don't I!) I wur called to a club-house to lift a gen'ulman's luggage on a cab. He—the gen'ulman I mean—zaid in zuch a pleasunt voice, "My man, I a got to make zome calls to-day, will 'ee take charge o' my luggage?" I jumped on the seat wi' th' drivur, and stoht furst by th' Regent's Park, at a house as high up as th' Tower of Babul. 'Twur what's called a "flat." Daz't! zaid I to myself, th' housen in Zummerset, whether big or little, be put along zide each othur in a row on the ground, but hure they be built one top o' tother. Howzomever I follerd my gen'ulman, wi' th' portmanturs and hat-boxen up stairs for all th' world like th' steps o' th' bellfree. It made I puff and blow, but th' gen'ulman begun to zing as a lark mountin' th' sky. I zoon found out he wur no common man, but a fine zingur. And zo whur t' othurs—thur wur four on 'em inzide th' room—all zingurs. The big un they called "Vaithur," and he wur like the play actin' fellur in th' picture books, Zur John Falstaff, and didn't he roll out th' catch "Down went th' Capt'n," just didn't he! Anothur, a Mr Wurd, squeezed his face into zuch a comical shape when he zang "Only Once." Then the mastur o' th' house, a Mr Blooker, he comes out, and zays he, "Can 'ee do wi' a bite and zup o' zoment?" 'Twur kind, cos th' odd man aint alluys asked. Away they went on a-zingin', whilst I wur 'avin' a tuk-out in the passage. I zoon got zo jolly as to fancy that I wur a king, and that they wur musiciurs, zet to zing and harp whilst I wur a-veastin'. Just as I wur hard at it, my gen'ulman, Mr Ed'urd, began to zing. The lark o' morn, or bird o' night wur nothin' to 't! 'Twur zo sad as well as zweet. As he came to th' wurd "Forget me not" I had a bit o' a wedge o' food in my throat, and his wurd, makin' me think o' Till, brought a lump in my throat. I thought I should be choked. 'Tis bad, aint it, when the heart and the stomach goes contrary ways—the lump a-risin' and the food a-lowerin'? A'tur a time I wur up again alongzide th' drivur, takin' Mr Ed'urd from place to place, until we came to Euston. The last I saw o' un wur as he slipped a haf-a-sovrin in my hand, as th' train wur moving out to Wales. I paid th' zame haf-a-sovrin at Waturloo th' next mornin' for a tickut to carry me hure.

A-lyin' down undur th' trees on Towur hill, on Zunday mornin', I couldn't think it wur real that I had been frum home; whuras I had been munths away; yet the zun wur now a-blazin' on th' yields just as hard as it did avore on th' never-endin' miles of bricks. And how quiet 'twur! Why, ev'rythin' wur zo still that I thought I could hear th' sheep munchin' th' grass down in th' valluy below; and I did act'ly hear the leaves o' th' trees, ovurhangin' th' Squire's barluy-ricks, a-florickin' and makin' a gurglin' zound at the stalks o' corn, vor all th' world like a babbie a-crowin' and a-gigglin' ovur the curls trailin' on's muthur's boozum. The zilence wur like music. Aint it music itself? Th' zweetest music 'll steal the zoul out o' th' body, and make it tingul all over wi' zume'ut un'urthly; and th' zilence pitched my zoul into th' very zame keynote in which nature zings hur solem'est tunes. What zo propur to break th' hush as th' Zabbath bell ringin' for zervice? Goin' down th' lanes to th' old buildin', tanned by more'n four hundurd zummer zuns, and chipped and crumbled all over by as many winturs' frost, I sneaked in behind the pillars. Our church be crammed wi' pillars and choked wi' high pews. On this, th' Fair Zunday, the pews looked like cells in a hive, wi' bees tryin' to lay up store for thik long, long, long wintur, in which thur aint no moons to count wi'. How quick my breath did come and go zurely! Vor in one o' th' pews wur Till. Now she didn't zee nor hear me, and thought I wur still in Lon'un, then how did she know I wur near, vor I zaw by hur lip a-tremblin' she did? Luvie is zurely as strange a thing as a ghost! Avore the zervice wur ovur I crept out, and whilst gettin' into th' yields again th' organ burst out wi' th' closin' hymn, and it zeeded as if nature had made th' old stone church its tongue to speak aloud and still louder's joy.

The morning o' Fair day ain't idul time vor varm hands on Towur hill. Wi' the zun the Squire be up, and one can no more stand still when he's by than one can stop a Railway carriage when th' engine's a-leadin'. Zo Jack Old had to scufful about, and whisk his tail o' boys behind'n. How big his waistcut looked when he wur calling on Alf Aink to be zharp! The fuss and bustul made purty music in

th' Squire's Bare'n; all th' beasts seemed to be tuning up, and tryin' their parts for the grand concert to be held at the Fair. When thur what a roar wur hurd! The walls o' our church must be stronger than them o' Jericho, or they long ago would a-tumbuld down. But th' shows! Ah, they beat th' beastes. Thur wur zo many that th' "markut place" couldn't hold 'm, zo zome had to go to th' "orchurd." You should a zeen the "waxwork," wi' figures enough to fill all th' churches in Zummerset; and then thur wur "acrobats," and th' "hoss wi' a camul's head," and th' "shootin' galluries," th' "knife throwur," th' "sparrin' saloon," and the lots o' booths vor "gingur-bread," vor "dolls," and vor "nuts." Now all th' zhowmen had purty voices vor drawin' custumers, and when they wur all goin' togethur 'twur nashun fine. And wur'n't they kind to one another! Just like the fiddlurs and zingurs in Lon'un, and like 'm too in each one tryin' to be hurd above t' others. I think the "boxur" had th' zweetest way wi' un, and I wished to pay 'n my tuppence, but Farmer George and Bos'n Sank wur afraid on 'n, and kep I back. Now altho' each zhowman had a purty coaxin' voice, yet they all had zome'ut they couldn't ovurcome—and that wur th' "steam roundabouts." Dazz'm they made such a row wi' their steam organs that the zhowfellurs couldn't be hurd a bit. 'Twur too bad! The Gover'ment should inturfere. It turns a Fair into a one-engine tune. Bezides it spoils voices just, as they tell I, a German band do the zingurs in a zingin' play. Rot 'm all, zay I! Would you believe't? I wur standin' by th' steamin' thing in th' "markut place," a'tur leaving th' "orchurd," when the danged machine screeched out, and away went a hoss wi' a cart! Hit, dash, strike, crash, off he went up Silver Street like a fury. Zume hollured, more slunk in doorways, and all wur scared, whilst I, running up Cross Lane, met 'n, just as he'd turned over a "trap," caught 'n by the bridul, and stoht 'n. 'Twur all th' work o' a moment!

Makin' off, I went to help a young woman lyin' on the ground, whilst th' owner o' th' trap wur zeein if his hoss's knees wur hurt. Had the zun a tumbuled out th' sky I couldn't a been more mazed, vor there wur my poor dear Till as if dead. Takin' hold o' a hand that I hadn't touched vor many a month, I called her by all th' purty names I once used. No answer came. A'tur a time, however, thure wur a heavin' o' hur breast, then a sigh, then th' tricklin' o' a tear, and at last hur eyes rested on mine. At that nick o' time I felt my fate wur to be fixed for evur. Should she turn 'em from me wi'out a look o' furgiveness my way would vor alluys be mizer-abul. Instead, she fixed on me the old look of faith and luvie, and I knew then the music o' our lives wur zet to th' old dear tune. Leadin' hur to th' house o' Mrs Bert's that wur near, I put hur in charge o' that good young wife o' a friend o' mine, and a truer heart and readier hands never wur found. Later, when alone in the parlour, th' prettiest piece o' music wur hurd: it wur a musical piece vor two in zeveral parts, made up of old regrets and new vows. But ev'ry now and again—yez, thro' it all—could be hurd th' steam organ, grindin' out a tune that zeeded long enough to reach from hure to Lon'un. But it didn't zeed zo harsh now, vor hadn't it been the means of again startin' th' tune that should never stop but wi' our lives?—I am, Zur, yourn to command,

Mosterton, Sept. 4th.

P. G.

BOSH! (From a Yankee Sheet).—How foolish Mapleson Senior has acted; here he has spent his time in New York and the States making money for *prime donne* that thanked him not, and the grandest opportunity of his life, the People's Operahouse on the Thames Embankment in London, he has allowed to slip through his fingers. The structure, as far as it goes, is to be demolished, and its five million bricks, with all the other building materials, are to be sold on June the 24th. Why could Mapleson not have persevered in this direction? He has lost Her Majesty's Theatre, he has lost the Covent Garden partnership, he has as good as lost the managerial position of the New York Academy, and, finally, has lost the walls for a new popular house he had built up—all because he wanted the world to hear Adelina Patti. No one will any longer ride the high horse in operatic matters. The times are past.

FUDGE (From a New York Leaf).—It is said that just as the steamer, with Patti on board, was about to leave the wharf, a man rushed up and triumphantly waved a 100 dollar bill. "Mon Dieu," gasped la diva, "I thought I had all ze monnee of Amerika!"

Mdme Odoardo Barri is engaged as *prima donna assoluta* for the autumn season at the Opera, Verona. She will appear as Amelia in Verdi's *Ballo in Maschera* and Leonora in *Il Trovatore*.

ALBERT SMITH'S SONG.

(From "True to her Art.")

"But Mrs Stent appealed to Albert Smith, who sang, or rather recited in a singing voice, the following nonsensical song in three canters":—

<p><i>I bought a horse some time ago, To my sincere regret, His very playful ways I know I never shall forget.</i></p> <p><i>He had four legs, all long and straight, He walked upon his toes, He had a most peculiar gait, Likewise a Roman nose.</i></p> <p><i>He gave me many a pleasant treat, Experiments he made, He took me once from Clifford Street Down Burlington Arcade.</i></p> <p><i>"Woh, woh!" I cried, quite in a fit, When he began to go; But no! he would not mind a bit— He heeded not my woe!</i></p> <p><i>His main in both my hands I caught, To stay him in his course; That was the proper way, I thought, To stop him by main force.</i></p> <p><i>By no means would he be controlled. My woo(h)ing was in vain; Down the Arcade away he bowled With all his might and main.</i></p>	<p><i>My arms in agony I threw And round his neck entwined! I only guessed which way we flew, I dared not look behind.</i></p> <p><i>We hardly seemed to touch the ground, Though such a row we made, The shopkeepers came all around Outside in their arcade.</i></p> <p><i>And Truefit, rushing to his door, Was loudly heard to rave, He had met with many a brush be- But never such a shave!—[fore,</i></p> <p><i>For not a pane of glass was cracked, Though painful was the pace; I did not touch a glass, in fact, All through the Arcadian race.</i></p> <p><i>The clatter did so much disturb The echoes of the roof, It showed that he was off the kerb, And not on my behoof.</i></p> <p><i>Where Piccadilly end begins, We stopped, he had had his run; And I, well punished for my sins, Was glad when it was done.</i></p>
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*Thus ended all my horsemanship,
With that great trial of skill.
I never now use spur or whip
And never, never will!*

*No, no! derision is in vain,
Though all may scorn and scoff,
I will not mount four legs again,
On two I'm better off!*

"The performance met with rapturous applause. 'Who wrote the words?' asked someone; in reply to which enquiry Albert Smith said that the words had been sent to him for his new publication, *The Man in the Moon*."

SCRAPS FROM ABROAD.

(From a Teutonic Correspondent.)

WIESBADEN.—*Gioconda*, an opera famous in Italy and highly appreciated in England, has also found its way to the German stage in very good German words—Germany adapts everything that is good and great, with exceptions of small number (Wagnerites) who are dead against anything Italian, but Kappelmeister Reiss is not one of those, although liking Wagner he recognizes genius elsewhere—being himself one, and knowing how difficult it is, to be a Creator—Ponchielli's opera is original in many instances, is melodious, sensational, and the plot interesting. In Vienna it became a favorite, and so it is here, the flowing music, with its truly Italian fire, is well and descriptively scored, without being overlaid, the strings and wind playing concerted like two voices, and then again bringing its force combined always with new and fresh effects. The singing and acting was exceedingly gratifying—Mlle Baumgartner as *Gioconda* although a young heroine proved herself an artist of great future promise, having a clear, powerful high timber and sufficient fire and inspiration for a *Gioconda*. Herr Blusor as Barnaba displayed his fine Baritone voice, but he has hardly enough of the Italian vocal element in him for a fiery Italian—Herr Zeobil has acted and sing the part of Enzo the Genesee very well—The Chorus, Ballet, and Orchestra were so admirably as to raise the whole to the pitch of perfection—and the Directors and Kapellmeister Reiss deserve the highest praise.

Carlotta Grossi, formerly bravura singer at the Royal Operahouse, Berlin, is engaged for three years at the Ducal Theatre, Wiesbaden.

* A Story of the Studio, by Walter Maynard. Now being published in the *Norwood Review*.

NEW MUSICAL PUBLICATIONS.

(From the "Morning Post.")

Messrs Stanley Lucas, Weber & Co. have published an elegant four-part song by Ferdinand Hiller, of Cologne, written as a compliment to Sir Julius Benedict on the occasion of his jubilee. The words translated from Herder's "Lied des Lebens," by Constance Bache, are no less beautiful than the music, and choral societies in adding this "Song of life" to their repertoires will be in possession of that which, according to Keats, constitutes a "joy for ever." Of the new songs issued by the same firm—"Parted," by Arthur Harvey; "The Queen of my heart," by Ernest Ford; the two songs by Goethe, "Wanderers Nachtlid" and "Blumengruss," gracefully translated by Fanny Lablache, and furnished with pleasing music by Phoebe Otway; and "The Tryst," by Mary Carmichael, are each and all considerably above the average of their class, and deserve the attention of both professional and amateur singers. Some of the new pieces published by Messrs Duncan Davison & Co. are also distinguished by the ability they display, as being out of the common order, while all are marked by that good taste and judgement in selection which is the characteristic of the publications of this firm.

(From "The Sunday Times.")

Messrs Duncan Davison send a setting by Albert Dawes of a Wykehamist ballad, written by the Rev. W. A. C. Chevalier, called "The Pride of Caer Gwent." It sings in tuneful strains the praises of "art and letters," and the *arpeggio* accompaniment is evidently intended to be played when possible on a harp. "Life's dream is o'er, farewell!" is an arrangement in duet form of the evergreen "Alice, where art thou?" and it must be admitted that that popular romance lends itself very well to the purpose. *Andantino*, for organ, is a good arrangement by H. Drew of Sir Julius Benedict's familiar piece for four performers on two pianofortes. "Time, Tone, and Touch" is the suggestive title of a new method for beginners on the pianoforte, from which the author, Hermann Eisoldt, claims, and not without reason, the especial merit of conciseness.

AN EXCELLENT IDEA.—Those persons who happened to book seats for the opening performance at the Princess's Theatre on Saturday were surprised at having handed to them what appeared to be a return railway-ticket with a printed number instead of the ordinary paper voucher filled up by hand. This is in accordance with a new plan which has been adopted at this house, and a brief description of which may not be altogether without interest. The box-office keeper is provided with a large mahogany box divided into twelve compartments, each with a number of subdivisions. This box holds tickets sufficient to last for twelve days, and for each of these days there is a printed ticket, corresponding with every seat in the house which can be booked beforehand. These are sold, as it were, over the counter, and no entry of the transaction is needed, for it would thus be as impossible to sell the seat twice over as it would be for a tradesman to sell his goods twice over to different customers. A sort of "block" system is in fact established by this means. Any one who has ever been subjected to the petty humiliation of being turned out of a seat through the mistake of a booking clerk will doubtless appreciate the advantage of the system, which is an adaptation by the business manager, Mr Cobbe, of a plan widely prevalent in America. The saving of time, too, at the box-office windows whenever there is a rush of applicants, must be apparent.—M. T. (D. N.)

DEATH OF MR TOM BROWNE.—The death of this violinist and musician, from an accident which resulted in erysipelas, occurred on the 10th of August. Tom Browne's career was varied and eventful. He was a native of Newcastle, and came to London about forty years ago. He studied the violin under Mr Eliason (at that period a leading professor), harmony under the late Thomas Severn, and counterpoint under the late Mr French Flowers. He made rapid progress, and was very soon installed as one of the band of Her Majesty's Theatre, the Sacred Harmonic Society, &c. Mr Tom Browne was an excellent composer of dance music, which at one time was most popular; for instance, his "Agnes Polka" (christened by a wit of the day "Pen and Ink"), as well as his "Four in Hand" galop, were hardly ever surpassed in popularity. His "Helena" waltz had an immense run in the fashionable world. Some of his songs, among them "On the swelling deep," which Herr Formes delighted to sing, and his barcarolle, "My bark is gently gliding," "Lilian Grey," &c., were also much admired. Tom Browne taught the violin to many amateurs, by whom, and the profession generally, he was much liked, owing to his lively spirits and jovial character. He had the honour of instructing the late Earl of Westmoreland, who always regarded him as his violin master *par excellence*. Tom Browne will be remembered with kindness by many who knew his peculiarities and goodness of heart.

WAIFS.

"By the death of Victor Massé," says a contemporary, "France loses a composer who, a minor light compared with his contemporary Gounod, was nevertheless a star of some magnitude. He belonged to the period which separates Auber from Massenet, and he made himself, something like thirty years ago, by his charming little opera, *Les Noces de Jeannette*, a reputation extending over Europe. It was played in England for upwards of a hundred nights, at Covent Garden theatre, by the Pyne and Harrison company, with Miss Louisa Pyne in the principal part; and met with remarkable success in all parts of Germany. The composer had to thank his librettist for a very ingenious 'book.' But, as often happens in such cases, the music proved more than worthy of the 'words.' M. Victor Massé's romantic opera on the subject of *Lara*, produced in an Italian translation at Her Majesty's Theatre, was less interesting than the operetta by which he first made his name. He composed other works scarcely known in this country even by their titles, and leaves behind him an opera called *Cléopâtre*, soon to be brought out at one of the lyrical theatres of Paris." (*Lara* is by Maillart, not by Massé.—Dr Blügg.)

Discord enters very closely into harmony, and when musical people associate for a common purpose, quarreling is not far off. The other day, on the occasion of Sir George Macfarren's visit to Liverpool, certain professors of that city tendered a banquet to the distinguished Principal of the Royal Academy. This was a very proper thing to do, and one might have supposed that the feast of reason and flow of soul natural to such a gathering would be, like Eden before Satan entered, free from the seeds of evil. Alas! for the vanity of human speculation. The banquet turns out to have given two distinct causes of offence. In the first place the lady professors of Liverpool took umbrage at their exclusion from a share in the feast. Could they not also admire Sir G. Macfarren? Were they not entitled to join in the gracious gift of hospitality? Most assuredly, and in these days women are not slow to assert their rights. Hence there is feminine heart-burning in Liverpool, but we observe that a journal of that city makes a sensible suggestion towards quenching it. Our contemporary points out that the aggrieved female professors should entertain Lady Macfarren, who is one of themselves in a very special and conspicuous sense. Should they take the hint, they may reckon upon a "speech of the evening" worth listening to. Liverpool amateurs, or some of them, are not less aggrieved than the lady teachers, their hurt being caused by remarks made at the dinner concerning a class of people who certainly stand at times in the way of professional interests. The amateurs should not be so sensitive, especially as they can hold their own within the sphere that properly belongs to them. Of course, if they intrude elsewhere, they must not be surprised at steps being taken to turn them out.—*Lute*.

Del Puente, the baritone, is engaged at the San Carlo, Naples.

Mr Handel Gear has gone for his accustomed holiday to Margate.

An ex-bull-fighter, Alonso Toledano, has come out in Madrid as tenor.

Bevignani has been created Knight of the Order of the Italian Crown.

Emma Thursby intends shortly giving a series of concerts in Norway.

Gayarre is said to have married the daughter of the mayor of his native town.

Theodor Thomas is re-appointed conductor of the New York "Liederkrantz."

Among the artists engaged by Mr Mapleson for New York is Signora Turconi.

Carl Formes is not dead, as lately reported; he is giving lessons in San Francisco.

The second opera at the San Carlo, Naples, is to be *Carmen*, with Ferni as the heroine.

A new Conservatory of Music is being erected, at a cost of two million francs, in Liège.

Signor and Mme Arditi have gone to Aix-les-Bains, on a visit to Colonel James H. Mapleson.

It is said that the tenor Marconi will sing for a few nights in the carnival season at the Milan Scala.

Mr William Dorrell, who has been in town for a few days, has returned to his residence in Sussex.

A new opera, *Aktos*, by a local composer, Finotti, will probably be given in the carnival season at Ferrara.

The event of the coming operatic season at Boston, U.S., will be the production in October of the new operetta with music by G. Henschel.

There is to be a season of German opera at New York, commencing in November and ending in March, 1885.

The report that Emma Turolla will play a short engagement at the Royal Operahouse, Berlin, is contradicted.

The Vienna Men's Choral Association lately gave a concert at Steyr for the benefit of the poor of that town.

A new comic opera, *Giorgio Dandin*, music by Sebastiani of Naples, will shortly be produced in that city.

Capoul, the French tenor, is about to marry a young lady of Toulouse. (This has been denied.—Dr Blügg.)

Albert Niemann will re-appear on the 1st October at the Royal Operahouse, Berlin, and sing there for some months.

Wiegand has left the Imperial Operahouse, Vienna, where he has been for two years, and joined the Stadttheater, Hamburg.

Gluck's *Iphigenie in Aulis*, as arranged for the stage by Wagner, has proved a great hit at the Opera in Frankfort-on-the-Maine.

The money grant hitherto accorded to the Theatres at Metz, Strassburg, and Mülhausen by the Government has been withdrawn.

A new buffo opera, *Torino in Carnevale*, by Casiraghi, will be first performed this winter at the Teatro Rossini in the above capital.

Therese Förster, of the Stadttheater, Königsberg, is engaged as a member of the operatic company at the Theatre Royal, Dresden.

After having been closed for two months, the Ducal Theatre, Wiesbaden, re-opened on the 14th August with *Der Fliegende Holländer*.

The Operahouse at Pesth will open on the 23rd inst. with the first act of Erkel's opera, *Bank*; the first act of *Lohengrin*; and the ballet of *Coppelia*.

Ricci, composer of *Donna Ines*, has terminated another buffo opera, *Per un Capello*, which will be brought out this month at the Teatro Alfieri, Turin.

Mdme Geistinger began on the 1st inst. a short engagement at the German National Theatre, Prague, where Reichmann, also, will shortly appear.

A new buffo opera, *Pfingsten in Florence*, music by A. Czibulka, will shortly be given at Vienna. The libretto is from the pen of Richard Genée.

Mdme Tamberlik (Francesca Ballarano), wife of the famous tenor, Enrico Tamberlik, died recently in Paris, aged 54. She was buried in Père-Lachaise.

The opera, *Ingeborg*, by Paul Geisler, will be produced towards the end of the month at the Stadttheater, Bremen, where the composer is conductor.

The Spanish dramatist, Garcia Gutierrez, has died at Madrid. One of his most popular tragedies, *El Trovador*, was utilized for the libretto of Verdi's *Trovatore*.

The Teatro Ristori, Verona, re-opened on the 30th ult. The operas performed in the course of the season will comprise, among others, *Fernanda*, by Ferrari.

The Berlin *Capellmeister*, C. A. Raika, has completed a buffo opera entitled *Capricciosa*, the libretto founded on an episode in Spanish history during the 15th century.

Emma Abbot, the American *prima donna*, was to begin her season on the 8th inst., at Louisville, Ky. She promises to produce, among other works, *Lakmé* and *Semiramide*.

A Spanish ballet company, consisting of thirty dancers, male and female, will appear this winter in St Petersburg, and afterwards, probably, make a tour in the Russian provinces.

Gabor Steiner, ex-manager of the Residenz-Theater, Hanover, has accepted the post of acting manager under his brother, Franz Steiner, director of the Residenz-Theater, Dresden.

Mdme Marie Reinecke, sister of the Leipzig conductor, Carl Reinecke, has opened at Wolfenbüttel a seminary for music mistresses, as well as a pianoforte and singing school.

Despite his bad state of health, Albert Niemann has sustained with great success the part of Siegmund in *Die Walküre* at the "Model Performances" of the Theatre Royal, Munich.

Signor Bevignani, who has derived great benefit from his visit to Spa (Belgium), has gone for a few weeks to Bournemouth, but returns to London previous to his departure for St Petersburg.

Herr Sigismund Lehmeier, the esteemed professor of the pianoforte at the London Academy of Music, of which Dr Henry Wylde is the indefatigable principal, has returned to town from his tour in Germany.

Mdme Mathilde Zimeri, Fräulein Martha Remmer, and M. Jules de Swert have been giving concerts with great success at Ems and Kissingen, Baden, &c. The local journals call Mdme Zimeri "charming" and her singing "sweet."

FIRE AT AN ORGAN FACTORY.—The premises of Mr Arthur Speechly, organ builder, King's Road, Camden Town, were destroyed by fire on Thursday afternoon. Three large organs which had just been completed shared the same fate. The contents are insured in the Phoenix, and the buildings in the Royal Insurance Office.

The Crown Princess of Austria has presented Mlle Thésy Zamara, the distinguished harpist, with a valuable brooch set in pearls. Her Imperial Highness the Crown Princess Stephanie—who, like her royal mother, the Queen of the Belgians, is fond of the harp—intends, on her return to Laxenburg, to study the harp under Mlle Thésy Zamara.

Mr Charles Oberthür, when lately on a visit to Baron von Böcklin at Spandau, near Berlin, was honoured by the *Music-corps* of the fourth "Garderegiment," under the direction of the Royal music director, Herr G. Rossberg, by a performance, under the windows of his apartments in the Château, of his Festival March, "Charlemagne."

The startling information published by the *Musical Times*, according to which a German conductor, "in order that the public may be more deeply impressed with the feeling of grief intended to be produced by the funeral march in Beethoven's *Eroica Symphony*, wears black gloves while conducting this movement, after having worn white gloves during the preceding part of the symphony," suggests opportunities for the display of picturesque attire, by which some orchestral chiefs can scarcely fail to profit. No less eminent a critic than Schumann mistook Mendelssohn's Scotch symphony for the symphony known as the Italian, and was struck by its thoroughly Italian character. No such error could be possible if in directing the Scotch or the Italian Symphony the conductor proclaimed himself, by his dress, a Scotchman or an Italian. The same principle might be observed in connection with the Scandinavian and Welsh symphonies of Mr Cowen, the Russian symphony of Rubinstein and the Hungarian Rhapsodies of Liszt; and one can see no end to the variety of costume that would be worn by conductors should it extend to operatic performances. It may be hoped, however, that the new practice of suiting the costume to the character of the composition will be confined for the present to concert directors.—*St James's Gazette*.

[Mr Shaver Silver might do worse than consult his *Alcoholus*—or, at least, his *Aviceno*.—Dr Blidge.]

WATCHING AND WAITING.

Watching with the sunlight lying On her wealth of golden hair, While the soft wind round her sighing, Stayed to kiss her cheek so fair.	Watching with her eyes away, And her heart to gladness dead, Hearing but the night wind dreary, And the rain-drops overhead.
Waiting till with tender greeting, Folded to a loving breast, Doubt and fear so dark yet fleeting, Changed to love's unbroken rest.	Waiting for a brighter morrow, When all care and pain shall cease, Where we wake no more to sorrow, In the promised land of peace.
And a first sweet dream was dreamed.	And a last sweet dream was dreamed.

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